

The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BRUNSWICK'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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By carrier, 2 00
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Middlebury, May 1, 1852. 317.

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Summer Days.

In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet daffodils were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came,
We gathered flowers, and wore us crowns;
We walked hand-poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow dawns,
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We kept the halcyon, croon the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And in the sunlight and the breeze
We fastened, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, now-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For loving seemed like breathing, then—
We found a heaven in every spot,
Saw angels, too, in all good men,
And dreamt of God in grove and grove.

In summer, when the days were long,
Alone I wander, mad as old;
I see her not; but that old song,
Under the fragrant wood is blown,
In summer, when the days were long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit haunts my sight,
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days were long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong—
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer when the days were long.

A Parody.

The following, from the Silver Creek Register, is exceedingly good, of its kind. Be gentle to the new-bled egg.

For eggs are brittle things;
They cannot fly until they're hatched,
And have a pair of wings;
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress—
The yolk and white will all run out
And make a dreadful mess.

'Tis but a little while, at best,
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow egg may addle,
Although quite fresh to-day.
Oh! let the touch be very light
That takes them from the key;
'Tis no hard work, cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg.

For the Middlebury Register.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

To avoid oneself guilty of a second parody of a new work, is, in these degenerate days, equivalent to little else than an admission of indifference to criticism. It is a general rule, that the result of careful and independent investigation. Books of fiction are valuable for first impressions. Indeed, in our days, few will bear a candid and searching examination. However there is this part attending a searching review of our first impressions of a book, and the occasion of them. If, upon first reading, it proved unduly, or even extremely fascinating to us, at a later day, and perhaps in another mood, we are prone to break a little spite upon it, for betraying us into what now seems puerile ecstasy. We are well aware of this danger, and write our article in full view of it, though we have not the vanity to suppose we shall wholly escape falling into it. To be frank, too, we prefer to err in a direction opposite to the one in which most of those who have undertaken to notice "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have been manifestly tending.

Seldom has a work of native origin been greeted with such unequivocal tokens of appreciation, as this latest and most considerable one of Mrs. Stowe. The fiftieth thousand is already running through the press, when it is now but the ninth week, since the first copy saw the light. Its publication has been, in all respects, well timed. A few months previous, and what the author cast upon the waters, would likely have been swamped in an angry surge. She tarried until the white crest had a little passed, and then the fruit she gave them was swept strongly to the shore. It is a difficult, and almost thankless task, to criticize such a book; and in truth, we have seen no comments upon it, that made any pretensions to be critical. It has received little else than wholesale endorsement and the emotive sentiments of her readers, has gone unchallenged through all grades of publication. Notices. And surely, it requires no little courage to face one's arrayed feelings, who so many pathetic touches have thoroughly aroused, and coolly canvass the merits and demerits of the work. Why? We have heard of one Massachusetts clergyman, who reckoned it no sin, to sit fastened to its pages long after the twelve-story of a Saturday night had warned him of holy time. And when we remember some of the combustible material in that State, we cannot refrain from wondering what struck us as an admirable illustration of the working of such a book there. It is the firebrand that ignites the foxes tails, that sear the sparks through and through the fields of grain. We shall, quite likely hear of infuriated men, who value "Uncle Tom's Cabin" next to their Bibles. Our own eyes have seen young misses, who have smugled the bewitching story into the straight-backed, Puritanic pews, where their fathers worshipped; and with it, whilst away the unprofitable seasons of choral performance.

But one thing is very certain. Neither the hasty nor the deliberate reader can avoid the admission, that the plan of the story, the grouping and delineation of character, are the most effective and

telling; and such as creative genius alone is expected to originate. Besides, which is of no small importance in itself, as a thing so rare in writers who treat of this matter of slavery, and a token of still better things in store, we trust—the beginning to the end of the book. And so far as the author speaks her own sentiments, there is throughout it all a genial glow of piety and humanity, which is one of the golden fruits of the Spirit. To be sure, there are more than enough of coarse characters, and they are somewhat profusely gifted in the use of tongues, that are "set on fire of hell." We have no reason to believe that such men are entirely anomalous at the South, any more than in more favored New England. But, as an artistic performance, there is too much of this trailing of a slow length along in sime and fife. A lady must have enjoyed, peculiar advantages to be able to deal out the coarsest of slang phrases, in periods so well rounded and complete.

We have been left to wonder what those squamish persons, who purloin expurgated editions of Shakespeare, will do about introducing such volleys of oaths and blasphemies into their family circles. We say, the thing is not artistic. Such characters as Haley and Legree, might have been well redeemed by the introduction of others, on which the mind could dwell with more complacency. Not that we care to have poor human nature flattered to believe it is better than it is; but verbal paintings, like those of the brush, should not be all background. To be sure, this is "of no consequence," as Mr. Toots would say, being a mere matter of taste. Undoubtedly, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had a perfect right to select her own colors, and mix them for herself, and bring out whatever forms of beauty or ugliness lay most within her. She has exercised only the same right with Fielding and Bulwer before her. They drew from the life—found in life motives, words and deeds. A mere matter of taste! though it would have made the thing a little less morbid, if she had made more use of some of the good material, she had laid out for herself. There was George Shelby for example.

Viewed in another light, it was not a mere matter of taste, what characters should be selected, and how they should be contrasted and figure relatively. The book was designed to tell. And it has told, and will tell, more deeply and lastingly than all the fire and fury, which such men as Giddings and Palfrey have been vomiting out for years. We almost believe their political ardor is worse than endangered, and the hope of their gain is gone.

Mrs. Stowe has never resided in a slave State. Her more immediate source of information, have been the several blacks, that have, from time to time, been servants in her family in Cincinnati. Further than that, she has been able to command the cooperation of a large circle of relatives, many of whom have been much in public life, and watchful of the workings of this involved system of crime and sorrow; and one of them, Rev. Charles Beecher, spent some time in New Orleans, with a mercantile house in New Orleans. We must add in justice to her, that not one of them all would have so clearly escaped all imputation of wild exaggeration or bigotry, as a subject in regard to which there is so much of both in the North, as she herself has done.

We think she has not misrepresented the system. As we said above, delicacy of taste strongly rebels against some of the scenes and characters. Indeed, we fear delicacy of taste is quite likely to prefer contemplating possible good to probable ill. It was no design of the author, to present a picture, which should be more pleasing to the eye, than the original. She has, and it seems to us very properly, seized upon representative characters. It is not necessary to believe that precisely such persons as she here portrays ever did really exist, but that all the elements of their composition could be found, combined with others in divers proportions; and that the "selection of genius" was exercised upon them, and the former were chosen and the others left. Hamlet was no less a child of Nature's own making because his nostrils never sniffed the morning air of an actual life. The slave is only an embodiment of the possible. And we doubtless obtain clearer ideas of the real state of society in the South, from these creative portraitures, than if the author had introduced crowds of individuals, who were only true as themselves. And, as the highest proof of propriety, we appeal to readers, and ask them if the idea of naturalness was not largely prominent in their minds during the progress of the narrative. One of the peculiar excellencies of the book is its dramatic vividness. Who would ever think to accuse the sculptor of being untrue to Nature, because he bodied forth a form of beauty, surpassing all things he had ever seen? On the contrary, the Greek Slave is the more natural, that it is unlike any one living. And we half suspect, that it is upon this principle, that certain living artists aim to delineate the possible character of their subjects, in preference to any expression, which may chance to appear upon the face, as the shadow of a passing mood—presenting a portrait, on which all characteristic moods would be in character, rather than seizing upon the chance one, which may be resting there.

Now, although some of the characters of this story may make the foregoing remarks appropriate enough, many of them might be traced back to real prototypes. We do not object to few New Englanders will object to Miss St. Clare, the maiden cousin from Vermont, as a mere figment of fancy. Her earlier endeavors with her young charge were quite in the true character of "telescopic benevolence." Her active repugnance to blacks was most truly Northern. And how true a lesson she learned, when she found she could do Topsy no benefit so long as she cherished such an aversion to her presence. And the only cure for it was that meekness, which attributes infinite worth to all things immortal, and the universal love which is the fulfilling of the law. This is Christianity.

"He prayeth best, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

"Squire Snellair," too, his rigid father, as contrasted with his brother, who settled in the South, illustrates what we have often felt to be a fact, that many most rabid Abolitionists here in the North, were saved by circumstances of birth and education alone, from being more rabid slaveholders and slavery-advocates in the South. And while they go about thanking God they are not as other men, and heaping taunts and epithets of shame upon their unfortunate countrymen, they would do well sometimes to refresh their minds with what constitutes them different from other men. Other circumstances would have developed William Lloyd Garrison into as fiery a Hotspur, as chivalric Carolina ever called her son. We can imagine a man, the very counterpart of Senator Seward, if of Southern extraction, crossing swords with the real Seward from N. Y., in hot defence of the peculiar institution, that had entailed to him a large plantation well stocked with willing and docile blacks.

And we cannot forbear adding here, that there is one character, which, in justice to the South, Mr. Stowe should have given an appropriate niche in her volumes. Nothing has so much retarded the cause of the Slave, as unwarranted and unwise agitation. This it is, that has kept Southern blood at the boiling point. Now, since her work is likely to live, as a record of this contest between North and South, fairness to the latter would have prompted her to depict one of those pyrotechnists, who have been so successfully shouting out in fife and fury, to the amusement and irritation of the only class of persons who have the right to liberate those who are in bondage. This little favor, Mrs. Stowe owed to the men of the South, whose philanthropic and as men. They have enough to bear, when the best is told of them. And being human, it would have been well, if posterity had inherited a full length portrait of those agitators, who have done so much to retard them from benevolent action.

We next proceed to some comments in regard to the portraitures of Negro character. Of Geo. Harris and Eliza, his wife, we have only to say, that the premises make such characters barely possible, and that scarcely in Kentucky. Still, very much of interest and pathos is attached to them, and their fortunes. However, we were conscious of a lagging in our attention, as soon as they were left in the hands of the good Friends. We confess, too, that the denouement at their house in Canada, did violence to our idea of probability. The escape of Eliza across the Ohio, is an old picture by a new artist, who has done it most admirably—Sam is a roguish fellow, quite to the life. We are prepared to believe anything in his treatment of Haley, up to the parting salute near the river. The deepest mock respect would have been in character there. Sam could give nothing by his bare-faced impudence, and he was not so much out of Haley's power, as to tempt him to the infliction of chastisement. 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